

## COTTON UNDERWEARE SALE.

Bargains, we believe, better than ever before shown in this County.

### Night Dresses.

SPECIAL.—Good cloth, tucked yoke, ruffled neck and sleeves. ONLY 42 C

SPECIAL.—Good cloth, tucked yoke with Hamburg insertion, ruffled neck and sleeves. ONLY 50 C

SPECIAL.—Nice cotton, square neck, Hamburg collar trimmed with edge, sleeves trimmed with Hamburg. ONLY 75 C

Special in Corset Covers 1 Lot 12½ each. 3 for 30c  
1 Lot Lace Trimmed only 19c  
1 Lot French Cut, Hamburg Trimmed, 25c

Special in Drawers. 3 Lots, 19c, 25c, 39c.

Special in Skirts. 3 Lots, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

THOMAS + Y  
+ + SMILE Y  
NORWAY, MAINE.

Special LOW PRICE FOR 2 WEEKS IN

Carpets To Reduce Stock.

Best Extra Super, All Wool, Regular price 65c.  
Good All Wool, extra super, 49c  
Extra Good Moquette Rug, 3 ft. by 6 ft. 8.50

N. DAYTON  
BOLSTER & CO.  
SO. PARIS, MAINE.

If you would have a clear, fine complexion use one of the  
Complexion Brushes  
an excellent tonic for the skin, found at HALL'S DRUG STORE.

The Shaw College  
Portland, Me.  
Practical business by mail and railroad. Office practice for beginners. Bookkeepers, clerks and stenographers furnished to business men. Free catalogue. F. L. SHAW, President, Portland, Me.

NEW LINE OF

LADIES' WRAPPERS, ALSO

READY-MADE

Overskirts in

Novelties.

C. P. BEAN, Corner Church and Main Streets.

A WANT AD. IN THE NEWS Will bring in returns very quickly. Try one. Rates—One week 25 cents, three weeks 50 cts.

# The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25, 1899.

Vol. IV. No. 35.

## Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

Miss Eva Barker went to Boston Saturday, for a stay of several weeks.

Col. Edwards, who has been confined to his house for some time, is able to be out again.

The senior class of Gould's Academy gave the drama, *Imogene*, at Bryant Pond, Friday evening.

Rev. F. E. Barton, who has been suffering from the grip for the past fortnight, was able to occupy his pulpit, Sunday.

Austin Aldrich has recently contracted to take 300 cords of spruce off of land belonging to R. A. Field, in Riley.

The Columbian Club will meet Friday afternoon, Jan. 27, with Mrs. Gehring, at the usual hour. Topics, Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael. Mrs. A. E. Herrick, leader.

Mr. Greenleaf Emery has got in about 500 cords of spruce upon his contract with the International Paper Co., for 1600 cords. This spruce is all taken off Mr. Emery's lands in Riley Plantation.

The attention of our lady readers is called to the advertisement of Thomas Smiley. This notice we believe, comes just in time to save the ladies of Oxford county from weary hours of sewing. Many no doubt, will take advantage of the bargains offered this week.

Surveys are being made of the lands recently bonded upon the Androscoggin river in Bethel, near Middle Intervale. No further developments have appeared to enlighten people as to what is to be done by way of improvement of this power, but intimations are given out that large projects are in store for the future, if all that is desired can be obtained in the way of land and other rights. It is to be sincerely hoped that these projects may materialize.

The friends and acquaintances of Lizzie A. Russell will be pained to learn of her death, which occurred at Rye Beach, N. H., Jan. 12, after a short illness of pneumonia. She was the widow of the late Asa F. Russell of No. Newry, and for many years resided in that town. After the death of her husband, twelve years ago, she, with her daughter, went to Kennebunk, to make her home with an only sister where she at once became an active, useful and beloved member of the community in which she lived, and her sudden demise is deeply regretted by all. She leaves an only daughter, Mrs. Etta R. Bragdon of Whitman, Mass., a step-son, Geo. F. Russell of Haverhill, Mass., a sister, Medie F. Cobb of Kennebunk, and one brother, Freeman Cobb of Detroit, Mich., besides other relatives, who have our deepest sympathy in their sudden bereavement.

G. P. Bean, one of our prominent business men, had quite a narrow escape from severe injury, one day last week. Mr. Bean was holding his horse at his store door, while his clerk, Mr. Mills was loading a barrel of flour. The animal, a high-spirited fellow, suddenly started down the street. Mr. Bean could easily have controlled him, but for the fact that his reins were crossed, and as the streets were very icy, he labored under quite a disadvantage, and finally was pulled headlong into the hard crust beside the street. The horse started straight for the stable, which he reached without doing further damage. Mr. Bean picked himself up and went to the doctor's office, but not finding him in, he procured some court plaster, dressed the ugly bruises, went to the stable, took his horse and delivered the flour. His escape was certainly a narrow one, and though he will carry the marks for some time, yet he considers himself fortunate in escaping with so little injury.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Halls Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. HALL'S CATARRH CURE, Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## JUDGE WOODBURY DEAD.

A Remarkable Life is Extinct and Bethel Mourns Her Irreparable Loss.

Hon. Enoch W. Woodbury, an experienced man of affairs, who as a state and county official, has discharged many important public trusts, passed away at his home in Bethel, just as the sun was rising Sunday morning.

His sickness was of short duration. Upon Monday night of last week, he attended the lecture delivered by Rev. Rollin T. Hack of Portland, and upon Tuesday night, he occupied for the last time, that familiar place in the prayer meeting, which, to him, was one of the dearest places in the wide, wide world, and which, in the hearts of those whom he has constantly met there, and inspired to a higher and nobler living, will forever remain vacant.

He was about town, as well as usual until Friday, when he complained of having a sore throat which was accompanied by a very marked hoarseness, and, though in the forenoon nothing serious was feared, yet later on in the day it developed very rapidly and Friday night found him in a very critical condition. His throat filled up so that it was impossible for him to speak aloud during the night, but Saturday morning he was feeling better and insisted upon getting up, which he did, and going to the adjoining room, took his diary and recorded the incidents of the last three days; he soon began to hoarse up again, and taking his bed, he battled with death all day Saturday and Saturday night until toward morning, when he began to breathe easier, and just at the dawning of that beautiful Sabbath day, the door was opened, and silently and peacefully that soul, as pure as the breezes of the morning, and as radiant as the rising sun, passed through, and beyond the stony cope of heaven, experienced the dawning of that glorious life for which he had so long and patiently waited.



In the death of this townsman, Bethel has lost one of whom she has justly been proud, and it is not Bethel alone that was proud of this staunch New Englander, nor is it Bethel alone that deeply mourns his death. He was a man that was widely known, and as widely respected and honored. Quiet and unassuming, but always fearless in expressing his ideas at the proper time and place, he had endeared himself to the people of his beloved State. Not often is such a type of manhood found; from his boyhood life, through the years of young manhood when ardently pursuing his studies, through years of mercantile life, through his public life, his usefulness, pure manhood has been recognized by all, and the loss of this man is felt to-day, not only by near friends, but by the community at large. Active in every enterprise for the upbuilding of Bethel, he encouraged in every possible way, the development of its business interests. He had a marked affinity for good and was never happier than when exerting his energies for the benefit of his fellow men, while many a needy one can tell of the heartfelt sympathy and help that have been extended by the generous hand of this ideal citizen.

His home life was truly an exemplary one; to him the home was the foundation of the town, the State, and the nation. Here he found in all his walks in life. Home was a dear place to him; dear to him because he always tried to make it as near like that eternal home, to which he was journeying, as it was possible for him to do.

Hon. Enoch Woodbury was born in Sweden, Maine, Jan. 8, 1813, the youngest son of Andrew and Sallie Woodbury, and comes of an old New England family, tracing his descent from William and Elizabeth Woodbury, who left England in 1628 and located in Salem, Mass.

His father was born in Beverly, Mass., Mar. 13, 1776. In 1796, he moved with his parents to Bridgton, Me., and four years later he settled in the town of Sweden, where he built the first frame house in the place, and was one of the leading farmers. He died at the age of 82. His wife, Sallie Stevens, was born in Andover, Mass., in 1778. She was a daughter of James Stevens, a large land holder, who owned the ground upon which the village of Center Bridgton, Me., now stands. She died in Sweden, Me., in 1860. Enoch W. Woodbury attended the common schools of Sweden, Bridgton Academy and Lovell High School. The latter being three miles from home, he was obliged to walk that distance twice each day; his health not being good he found it necessary to conclude his school life before his course was completed and seek out-door exercise; his education, however, did not end with the ending of his school days, but a portion of each day throughout his whole life as far as in him lay, was devoted to study and we have heard him remark that he counted that day lost in which he had gained no new idea. At the age of twenty-three he began his mercantile life by opening a general store in Sweden. He came to

Bethel later and formed a partnership with Hon. R. A. Chapman and in 1875, bought Mr. Chapman's interest and took into partnership his son-in-law, Mr. J. U. Parlington who now carries on the business, Mr. Woodbury having retired from active business about three years ago.

Mr. Woodbury has many times been honored by public office; he has represented his town in both the State Senate and House of Representatives; he has been Judge of Probate, Superintendent of the State Reform School and was a trustee of the State Insane Asylum from 1874 to 1879; even at the advanced age of seventy-five he was appointed on the State Valuation Commission, and the same earnestness, common sense and sound judgment were displayed in his public life as in his personal affairs.

He was a Republican and a partisan, but a partisan in its better

## REMINISCENCES.

That was not the children's age. The ideas of Froebel and Horace Mann had hardly reached our coast villages. Never had a paper been written or read on "Children as Educators," though the philosophic mind may have had occasional conception of them as means of discipline. It was the popular idea that they should be treated much as the trundle-beds were in the daytime. We were never particularly wounded by the admonition, "Children should be seen and not heard," which sounded so often on infant ears, because we were kept in a frame of mind that regarded it an immense boon to be seen at all. Children were commonly spoken of as "Little Pitchers." Never shall I forget my indignation when I first comprehended the force of the epithet, as applied to myself. She was a nurse, caring for my sick mother; a thin, pale faced woman, with a narrow slit for a mouth and steely blue eyes. She wore a drab calico dress, to match her hair, which was twisted into a little hard knob behind. I hated nurses for years afterward.

Vanity was repressed and virtue stimulated by "Handsome is that handsome does." There was a twisting of the maxim which made it more personal and contained an insidious suggestion of approval, as much as was considered wholesome. "If you behave as well as you look, you will do very well." My father always pronounced that encomium upon me, when I was arrayed for any small festivity. I was conscious of being a very plain child, but with a fortunate sense of humor, that helped me over many hard places. And I never heard him say it, that I did not think, half-quizzically, half-mournfully, that that was letting me off pretty easily as to manners and morals.

We were constantly admonished not to make trouble. Sometimes, in our anxiety, we overdid the business. I went once with another little girl down to Aunt Mary Ben's—Aunt Mary Ben in distinction from Aunt Mary John—for some "skim milk." She was a very polite little girl. My mother often said she wished I could be just like her. When she saw the old lady start for the skimmer, she said, "Oh, don't, Aunt Mary, bother to skim the milk. I know mamma would just as lief have the cream." I had more worldly wisdom—made butter—if not such polished manners, and I knew refinement had gone too far that time.

We had our pleasures. Every summer, sometimes two or three times a summer, a retired sea captain would charter some schooner that happened to be in the harbor, and give a general invitation for a day's sail. It was a very democratic community. Why not? Every body had descended straight from his own father and mother, possibly from his own grandfather and grandmother, who had lived God-fearing, self-respecting lives on the shores of that little bay. There was never any mixture in the population before the great granite quarries were opened. Two new families moved in when I was a child, both shoemakers. That seemed to be the only class with migratory tendencies, in that region. I thought the new comers very interesting and tried to cultivate their acquaintance. I confess to having had a taste for novelty.

Never again expect to experience anything so delightful as those cruises. We used to go through "The Narrows," away out into the "big bay" and land usually on Long Island to have dinner. We had to be set ashore in small boats. That was wildly exciting. There was a deep sense of responsibility, if one's father were at the helm. The old sea-dogs used to chaff each other about the management of the craft, and I never felt comfortably sure how much of it was fun. I knew the liability to sudden squalls. Once "she" careened so shockingly that picnic baskets all rolled down to the starboard side, and water broke in over the rail upon them, and Mrs. B— declared she wished she "never had left the washtub." Of course, in her fright, Mrs. B— was a little misled. No woman in good and regular standing ever washed on any day but Monday, and in an orthodox community, no pleasure excursion was ever planned for a day set apart to those sacred rites. But I did not stop to analyze, and her wild lament sent terror to my soul. My father had charge that day. Then the "little bay" was full of rocks and shoals. That is a deceitful little bay, just like some people, all fair and smiling, and planning to trip you up or run you aground at any minute. There was great danger, unless you kept a steady head, of run-

ning, in local parlance, "Right slap bang onto the Triangles." Many an expedition has come to grief on the Triangles or the Half Tide Ledge. I saw a Harvard professor run his yacht onto the Half Tide Ledge, two summers ago, and Richard Mansfield, the actor, put off from his cottage on the Point to help him. Sorry work the great men made of it too, till some of the villagers, who always knew what is going on down in the bay, came to the rescue.

It was likely to be rough outside or you might be "becalmed." Altogether, in one way and another, there was always spice of adventure to season the day. We usually had a few summer visitors with us who gave an air of elegance to the occasion. Reverence for summer boarders was one of the strongest instincts of country children then. I shall never quite outgrow it. I always manoeuvred to get seated near one of them on these trips.

Then there were clambakes. There was a quieter charm about those. We drove or rowed in small boats to "The Point." It was great sport to see the clams taken out of the bed of smoking seaweed in the great ovens. Nothing ever tasted so good as those clams. It is a melancholy thing to live seventy miles from a clam flat or a lobster pot!

We used to be invited to tea at houses where there were no children. That was an especial honor. Grown up daughters of the house played games with us. They were such beautiful young ladies, so handsome, with such sweet manners and pretty gowns. I have never seen such lovely creatures since. But I presume little Bethel girls see them every day. And the soft voiced mothers! What gentlewomen they were! I do not remember that they ever spoke of manners. I do not believe that they knew, though everybody else did, that theirs were fine. But every one of us susceptible little creatures felt the gracious influence of look, and word, and tone, and tried, though no doubt with short-lived fervor, to be just like them. Sweet, sane souls! How unconsciously their work was done. I wonder if we, in this restless, aspiring age, are accomplishing any more.

The long steep hills leading into the village, afforded fine coasting. Sometimes slides a mile long and ending, if one were skillful in steering, away out on the frozen bay. But my mother would make me take off my hoops when I went sliding. That was ignominy, to appear before the public gaze without a hoopskirt.

As I have said, we were all amphibious. The boys could dive and swim, and manage a boat, almost as soon as they could walk. And the girls were not far behind in nautical accomplishments. All, with what seems now, miraculous safety. Sometimes, terrible things happened. One dear, bright-faced little fellow, who turned upon us with the sweetest smile, as he went out of the school room door that night, (I can see him yet), was found, face downward, in the sand, by the wharf, when the tide went down next morning. He was an only son. His father was at sea. His mother must bear it alone. Those are the sombre shadows in a sea-faring life. The lonely heart aches on shore and sea. The dangers, each must face, the brave man who sails, the brave woman who stays; the dangers that each must forever fear. Children are born, children die, on days when the log book shows only the reckoning of a distant latitude and longitude.

"I will never leave her again," exclaimed a young mother, as she felt the stroke of the tiny hands, for whose touch her heart had cried out all the long voyage. "You never shall; I will not ask it." The husband said, and sailed away alone. In four days the little one sickened and died. The poor mother must bear all the heartbreak, the remorse, alone; must face the father when he returned, hot-headed, passionate, loving man that he was, to arraign the doctors who let his child die. Those old time captains were autocrats on shipboard, where the least hesitation in the cheery "Aye, aye, Sir," might mean mutiny and a show of sunkenness would sometimes put a man in irons. They did not roll about on sea legs ashore very long without discovering that the discipline maintained at sea, could not be kept up on dry land. But as long as they lived, they occasionally tried it.

We have received the desk calendar of the Pope Mfg. Co., and we say, as everyone says, it is the best desk calendar that has ever come before our notice. The Pope Co. are the manufacturers of the celebrated Columbia chainless bicycle.

## TOWN

Send to us for estimates on Town Reports. We make a specialty of this work and guarantee satisfaction.

## GOOD FOR EVIL.

During the days of wood-burning locomotives and wooden bridges, the managers of our principal railroads in the Eastern states strove to protect their bridges against fire, by appointing watchmen who lived near these structures and kept a vigilant eye upon them day and night. Usually, the watchman with his family, occupied a small house, built by the railroad company near one end of the bridge. The different members of the family, including the older children, often took turns watching the bridge, and after the passage of each train some one of them was required to cross the bridge and return, looking carefully for any spark that might have fallen from the locomotive and kindled the dry, tar-soaked wood of the bridge.

Martin Lee was one of these bridge watchmen, on the Central Vermont Railroad, and his little home stood in a most romantic spot, at the "gorge" of the Winoski river, near the manufacturing town of Winoski, where the river ran with great speed between two precipitous limestone cliffs, roaring over sharp rocks and twisting its current into angry whirlpools. The "gorge" was spanned by an old fashioned wooden "deck bridge," having scuttles at each end with ladders leading down to the stringers below, on which were laid two narrow lines of plank, one on each side of the bridge, so that a person might walk the length of the bridge and inspect it from the inside.

Martin Lee's family consisted of himself, his wife, and two children, "Barty," a boy of thirteen, and his baby sister, Fannie. Barty was old enough to assist his parents in watching the bridge, and he was usually given a "spell" of four or five hours during the day-time.

It was on one of these watches, while his father had gone to town to make some purchases, and his mother was up at the "timelike" calling on a neighbor, that Barty saw the track walker for that section enter the railroad cut toward Winoski and approach the bridge. Now the track walker was no friend of Barty's. He loved to tease the boy, sometimes even maliciously, and seldom passed the house at the gorge, when Barty was on watch, without catching hold of him and playing some of those rude tricks with which certain men delight in bullying boys. So persistently and almost vindictively did he keep up this practice, that Barty had come to dread his visits more than anything else, and, if it were not for being on duty, he would have run away and hidden every time he saw the man approaching.

On this particular day, the track walker seemed to be in an especially teasing mood, and, finding that both of Barty's parents were away, he tormented him until he got him to crying. Then, with a coarse laugh, he tweaked Barty's nose, tripped him on his back, and walked off. Reaching the bridge, he removed the scuttle and prepared to make the usual inspection.

Barty, sobbing and indignant, followed him to replace the cover of the scuttle, as usual, for the track walker would leave the bridge through the scuttle at the other end. Just as he was about to drop the scuttle cover in place, the boy heard a crash, followed by a terrified scream, and, thrusting his head inside the bridge, saw a sight that made the blood run cold in his veins. One of the half-rotten boards laid over the stringers had snapped beneath the track walker's feet, and, as he fell, the man had convulsively grasped one of the stringers, and now hung suspended over the boiling rapid fifty feet below. There he swung, hanging by both arms, helpless and horror-stricken. Being a heavy man, with rather slight muscular development, he was unable to pull himself up to the level of the stringer, much less to climb upon it. His condition was desperate, for certainly he could not hang long in that position, and to fall among the rocks and whirlpools below, would be certain death.

The man's only hope lay in Barty. And what could such a small boy do to save him? The lad thought fast as he gazed down through the scuttle. Lift the man he could not, even if he succeeded

## Grand Closing-Out Sale of WINTER GARMENTS....

Men's \$12.00 Overcoats, @ \$9.00  
" 10.00 " @ 8.00  
" 7.50 " @ 6.00  
" 5.00 " @ 4.37  
" 10.00 Ulsters, @ 8.00  
" 5.00 " @ 4.37  
Young Men's \$10.00 Overcoats, @ 8.00  
" 8.50 " @ 7.00  
" 6.50 " @ 5.00  
" 3.50 " @ 2.75

Great Reduction on everything in the Clothing line. A few Ladies', Misses' and Children's JACKETS left, at prices to suit the Customer—prices no object. We have too many SHAWLS, will close them out also, at prices to suit.

## ONLY A FEW LEFT of the WINTER GARMENTS.

JACKETS & CAPES. A few capes at the low price of \$1.98 of \$2.25. All lined, all trimmed with fur. We shall hold this price until the lot is closed.

JACKETS for \$2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50 & \$4. All good style, this year's goods. Come now while we have all sizes.

Merritt Welch, NORWAY, ME.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co. BETHEL, ME. Marble & Granite Workers. Chaste Designs. First-Class workmanship. Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work. Get our prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed. E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

Dr. J. C. HENRY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.



# THE BETHEL NEWS,

PUBLISHED WEDNESDAYS BY

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,

Cole Block, - Bethel, Maine.  
E. C. BOWLER, Editor.

Entered at the Bethel post office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 25, 1899.

Already, no less than a score of candidates are being talked to succeed Mr. Dingley in this district.

A law has recently been passed in Germany which provides for the compulsory treatment of inebriates.

The highest salary ever paid in this country, to women, will be paid to the two young lady stenographers, who went to Paris with the Peace Commissioners.

The Mountaineer, Gorham, N.H., has again changed owners, this time passing into the hands of Rufus P. Weston. We wish the new proprietor success in his undertaking.

As the time begins to draw near for the closing of the school, the schools naturally begin to appear more interested, and from now on we shall look for some desperate work. It is not only the \$100 clock which inspires the schools to work, but each has a personal pride in the matter and will work hard for victory.

## Drama.

Dot; The Miner's Daughter, a drama in four acts, will be presented in Odeon Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 2, for the benefit of the village schools. Much care has been exercised in the selection of a play to be presented at this time, and no effort will be spared to give to the citizens of Bethel, an entertainment which shall merit their patronage.

The following is the cast of characters:

David Mason,..... Wilfred Bowler.  
Herbert Mason,..... E. C. Bowler.  
Royal Meadows,..... L. Whitney Ekins.  
Arthur Floyd, a villain,..... F. A. Leach.  
George Clifton,..... George French.  
Parson Swift,..... Herbert Rowe.  
Bill Perry,..... Chester Bean.  
Brewster (officer),..... Edwin Harvey.  
Ebony,..... Martha Gibson.  
Mrs. Mason,..... The Miner's Daughter.  
..... BERTHA WILLY.  
Mrs. Clifton,..... Mrs. E. C. Bowler.  
Winifred Clifton,..... Lillian Kimball.  
Hazel,..... Duward Mason.

As our readers well know, our teachers have labored patiently during the past year for the improvement of our schools; their untiring energy has been exerted to secure appliances which were wanting and which are so necessary to efficient work in the school-room; nor have their efforts been fruitless. To each appeal the good people of Bethel have heartily responded, as they have always done when the interest of our schools has been at stake. And now, as we have come to the close of the last term of the year, and our teachers are about to terminate the work which they have so heartily and faithfully performed, is it not fitting that we generously respond to their appeal?

We trust that there is not a person in Bethel, who does not appreciate the effort which is being made to secure a plan for the village schools, and may their appreciation be shown by a full house upon the night mentioned.

## Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank those friends who were so faithful to my husband in the few last years of his life, and when death came, rendered such kindness and assistance as only true friends could, and especially those members of the Grand Army who were present, and by their help and thoughtfulness took a great burden from me. Will the choir please accept my heartfelt thanks for their music.

ELLEN M. CHANDLER.

The grip seems to have a firm hold on every part of the State. In one of the Waldo county towns, one whole family was prostrated, so, that for three days, not even a fire was built; a neighbor happened in and built fires and cared for the stock which had been fasting for two days. It is well for those who are able, to be neighborly at this time.

Strong, steady nerves  
Are needed for success  
Everywhere. Nerves  
Depend simply, solely,  
Upon the blood.  
Pure, rich, nourishing  
Blood feeds the nerves  
And makes them strong.  
The great nerve tonic is  
Hood's Sarsaparilla,  
Because it makes  
The blood rich and  
Pure, giving it power  
To feed the nerves.  
Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Cures nervousness,  
Dyspepsia, rheumatism,  
Catarrh, scrofula,  
And all forms of  
Impure blood.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. C. O. Foster was visiting at Locke Mills, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Foster visited at Newry, last Sunday.

Miss L. C. Hall has been on the sick list for the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Tenney of Gorham, N. H., were in town Sunday.

Three trainloads of cattle were shipped through Bethel last Friday.

The Chair factory started up last Monday morning; nine hours a day.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. Gilbert Tuell, Thursday afternoon.

Walter A. Foster of Newry, visited his brother, C. O. Foster, last Sunday.

Mrs. O. M. Mason is visiting her daughter, Miss Alice Mason of Berlin, N. H.

Rev. Israel Jordan of Saco, was in town Tuesday to attend the funeral of Judge Woodbury.

Rev. Henry Farrar of Gilead, was in town Tuesday to attend the funeral of the late Judge Woodbury.

Archer Grover has recently been elected captain of the Athletic Association at the University of Maine.

Mrs. Walter A. Foster of Newry, went to New York city last week, to spend a few weeks visiting friends.

Miss Alice Willis of Lewiston, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. A. W. Grover, returned to her home today.

Next Sunday will be observed as Young People's day, at the Universalist church. Special services in forenoon and evening.

Mrs. H. C. Andrews has recently presented Miss Lillian Kimball with a large framed portrait of General Grant, to hang in Miss Kimball's room at the school building.

Tell your neighbors and send a word to your friends that you are going to attend the drama, to be given in Odeon Hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 2, and invite them to accompany you.

E. H. Young has put in a full line of food for stock and hens. The food is manufactured by the International Food Co., which is one of the largest manufacturers of the kind in the world. Just take a look at his window.

Mrs. Roxelana Bryant, widow of the late Deac. n Abram Bryant, died of pneumonia at her home in Lowell, Mass., Jan. 18. Two of her sons, B. R. Bryant and E. P. Bryant accompanied the remains to Locke Mills for interment. The funeral was held Thursday.

Judge Foster and Hon. O. H. Hersey of Buckfield, have formed a partnership and will open a law office in Portland, Feb. 1. Judge Foster will continue his practice in town, being here every Saturday, while it is Mr. Hersey's intention to be at his Buckfield office each Monday. The remainder of the week will be spent in Portland.

A petition will be presented to the State fish commission, asking for the closing, for a term of years, of Hapgood brook, so called, in Bethel and Albany. This brook forms the inlet of Songo pond in Bethel. This pond has been partially stocked with black bass and trout during the past season, some 5000 having been put in by Fish Commissioner Stanley. These fish run up the inlet for spawning, and unless protected, will be taken in large numbers. Next season further large quantities of stock will be put into this pond by the fish commission. When Mr. Stanley was here last season, he pronounced this pond one of the most beautiful tracts of water in the State and said it should be well stocked. Cottages are being erected along its shores and further developments are looked for in the future. The pond is a favorite resort of picnic and other outing parties, summer visitors to Bethel frequenting it a great deal.

## A Settler.

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I'm knowing to the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses 20 years for nothing?

Landlady (trigidity)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.—London Fun.

A Copy of the Cigarette Law, Passed by the Maine State Legislature, in 1897.

## CHAPTER 333.

AN ACT to prohibit the manufacture of cigarettes, and the sale thereof to minors.

SECT. 1. Whoever, by himself, his clerk, servant or agent, directly or indirectly, manufactures for sale, direct or indirectly sells, offers for sale, has in his possession with intent to sell, or gives away to any person under the age of twenty-one years, any cigarette, shall be punished by fine not exceeding fifty dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding sixty days.

SECT. 2. Trial justices and municipal and police courts shall have jurisdiction of offenses described in the preceding section.

SECT. 3. This act shall take effect May one, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

[Approved Mar. 27.]

## JUDGE WOODBURY DEAD.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

Judge Woodbury was a Christian man in the truest sense of the word. Regularly each Sabbath found him in attendance at church where he was a mighty factor in all its works and especially in the Sunday school where he has been a teacher for over sixty years. Always courteous and friendly, his kindly face pleasant smile and warm grasp of the hand will be missed each Sabbath by those who go in and out at his chosen place of worship. His words of encouragement always given in the prayer meetings, will be missed by the young attendants to whom no higher ideal need be cited than he whom we shall miss him from all church, social, and business circles, yet the example which he set, the noble lesson which he taught, the principles of true manhood and womanhood which he ever instilled in the minds of all who knew him, will live on and on; his pure life and noble Christian character so indelibly stamped upon the minds of all with whom he associated that they will never be erased as long as time shall last.

Funeral services were held at the Congregational church, Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock. A large circle of relatives and friends gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom they have loved to honor, and who has been very appropriately termed "Bethel's grand old man." Music was furnished by the choir; prayer was offered by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Varley; select passages of scripture were read by the pastor and Rev. Mr. Barton, after which Rev. Mr. Varley, Rev. Mr. Barton, Rev. B. S. Rideout of Norway, and Rev. Israel Jordan of Saco, paid fitting tributes to their departed friend and brother. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Israel Jordan, after which the choir sang the deceased's favorite hymn, "My Faith Looks up to Thee," and all that was mortal of our honored townsman was gently borne to its last resting place.

The floral offerings were very beautiful, and especially noticeable were the decorations of the pew which Judge Woodbury has occupied for so many years.

One son, Rev. Webster Woodbury of Milford, Mass., was not able to attend the funeral, owing to the serious illness of his wife. All schools and places of business were closed from 12 to 4 o'clock.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—Russian railroad trains have smoking cars for ladies.

—There are 90,000 ordained ministers in the United States.

—One of the cities of Germany boasts a street laid with rubber.

—There are in Africa 91 languages and dialects. Portions of all of the words of God have been translated into 65 of these.

—London has taken up the experiment of municipal street railways. The South London tramways have been bought by the County Council for \$4,250,000.

—George Frederick Watts proposes to have an open gallery, like an Italian loggia, built around the churchyard of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, in London, and to erect in it memorials to "heroes in humble life." He is preparing a monument to Alice Ayers, a young girl, who in the fire in 1885, saved the lives of three children, but lost her own.

—An African chief's umbrella is of greater importance than many people suppose. Apart from its enormous size, its loss in battle more than equals the loss of a standard of an European commander. Some of the umbrellas are of prodigious dimensions, being no less than 25 feet in diameter, with ribs 12 feet and 6 inches long.

—A Brazilian beauty, worth a fortune, has chased her husband to New York and found him living with a woman and four dirt accumulating children. The Brazilian woman stayed in New York long enough to have her picture printed in six newspapers, and triumph of journalism, each looked as different from the other as second cousins by marriage.

—Mrs. Sarah Nell Shackelford of Elizabethtown, Ky., is said by Rev. Dr. W. Pope Yeaman, to be the oldest Baptist in the world. Dr. Yeaman was for twenty years moderator of the Missouri Baptist Association. On Oct. 25, Mrs. Shackelford celebrated her one hundredth birthday anniversary. She united with the Baptist church in 1815. She was born in Nelson county, Va., in 1798.

A New Yorker says that he and his wife never have disputes because the flat in which they live is so small there is no room for it.

## Deaths.

In Boston, Mass., Jan. 14, Mrs. Julia A. widow of the late Wm. E. Swan, aged 67 years, 7 months and 20 days. Funeral services at Brownfield on the 17th inst.

In Brownfield, Jan. 16, Mr. James M. Bean, aged 75 yrs., 2 mos., 23 days.

In Locke Mills, Jan. 21, Miss Fannie Goodwin.

In Brownfield, Jan. 22, Hon. E. W. Woodbury, aged 81 years, 14 days.

In Lowell, Mass., Jan. 17, Mrs. Roxana Bryant, widow of the late Deacon Abram Bryant.

## Our Young Readers:

How Willie Jones was Tempted by an Evil Sprite.

There is a very bad spirit living in "Temptation Vale," who, unlike our good spirit, "Jingle Jangle," goes about doing all the mischief he can, and he is never so happy as when, by his sophistry, he has led us from the "Royal Path of Life," that leads to heaven and eternal joys, and we are galloping madly along the "Road of Destruction." He is called "Jolly Boy" by his friends, and like "Jingle Jangle," he often talks in rhyme. "Jingle Jangle" and "Jolly Boy" are at strife, and each goes about trying to counteract the work of the other.

One beautiful day in summer, "Jolly Boy" was out enjoying himself and looking for someone whom he might inveigle from the "Path of Duty." Presently he espied a little boy named Willie Jones. Willie was on his way to school, though he was loitering and wishing he did not have to attend school on such a pleasant day. In fact, he was in just the mood to become a willing follower of the promptings of "Jolly Boy." The bad spirit approached Willie, and murmured:

"Dear Willie Jones, dear Willie Jones, He murmured in his sweetest tones, 'Where are you bound this pleasant day?' Why don't you pass the time in play? What! bound for school, my little lad? Well, that is what I call too bad! Just show that book and slate away, and come with me and spend the day! I know of just the sweetest nook, 'Tis near a little babbling brook, Where speckled beauties lie and wait For him, who brings the choicest bait; Throw that book and slate away, And try it for a single day!"

Willie was very fond of fishing, and "Jolly Boy" could not have thrown out a more tempting bait with which to entice him from the "Path of Duty," though he hesitated about accepting "Jolly Boy's" invitation. Seeing Willie's indecision, "Jolly Boy" murmured: "Tis only for a single day, Come, Willie, hide those books away." "Well, I will go just this once," said Willie, and then he hid his books in a hollow tree, and started toward the brook, determined to enjoy himself for just one day.

Alas! how many of us who have listened to the sweet voice of the tempter, ever intended to yield more than once! Now, as it happened, Willie had a line and hook in his pocket, so he cut a pole, and soon he was sitting on the bank of the brook, angling for those speckled beauties, but they did not respond to Willie's allurements, though he procured the choicest of dainties for their delectation. After visiting all the favorite fishing places along the brook, without securing a single fish, Willie became tired, and sat beneath a large tree to rest. Willie was lonely, too, for "Jolly Boy" deserted him soon after he inveigled him from the "Path of Duty."

It was not yet noon, and he had the remainder of a long day before him, and he was wishing he had gone to school instead of listening to "Jolly Boy's" temptings. The day was warm, and soon Willie's eyes were closed in sleep. As it happened, the spot where Willie stopped to rest was near "Dreamland Glen," the home of the good spirit, "Jingle Jangle."

As "Jingle Jangle" was returning from a mission of kindness, he saw Willie, and determined to find out why he was sleeping in that sequestered spot, instead of being at school. He approached Willie, and murmured:

"Willie Jones, tell me, I pray, Why you are here this pleasant day, When you or lessons should be bent. Or is it with your man's consent? If so, my boy, I've taught to say, But to 'Dreamland Glen' I'll lead you away."

Willie awoke, and said, "I'm playing truant!" Again "Jingle Jangle" murmured:

"This knowledge makes me sad, Arise and eat your lunch, my lad, And make your way unto the school, And be no more a bad spirit's tool, For 'Jolly Boy,' that wicked sprite, Has got you in a sorry plight, And list no more to his sweet tones, Or you'll regret it, Willie Jones!"

By this time Willie was thoroughly frightened, so he ate his lunch, and hastened toward the tree where he had hidden his books. "Jingle Jangle" accompanied him, for he did not intend to let "Jolly Boy" get possession of Willie again if he could help it. After securing his books, Willie started for school, but on the way he was intercepted by "Jolly Boy," but "Jingle Jangle" came to his relief, and "Jolly Boy" was obliged to leave Willie in "Jingle Jangle's" care. As Willie approached the schoolhouse he wavered in his determination to make a confession of his fault to the teacher.

He arrived at the schoolhouse just as the afternoon session was called, and entered with the other scholars. As he entered the house, "Jingle Jangle" murmured: "You have a teacher's reward and mild, Tell her where you have been, my child, For if the truth you now reveal, How much better you will feel When you kneel in prayer to-night, If this wrong you have tried to right." Willie did not heed "Jingle Jangle's" advice, but entered his seat, and bent studiously over his books. The teacher was very busy that afternoon, and she did not question Willie in regard to his absence from the morning session.

During recess some of the scholars questioned Willie about his absence, but he made evasive replies to their queries. During the session "Jingle Jangle" left Willie free to devote his time to his studies, but as soon as school was out he again approached him, and murmured:

"How much better you will feel, If the truth you now reveal, When you kneel in prayer to-night, If the wrong you have tried to right." Then "Jingle Jangle" left Willie, and started for "Dreamland Glen." Don't for a moment think that the good spirit had deserted Willie, for he had not. After Willie reached home, everything passed off as usual, but as bed time approached, he wished he had told the teacher and his mother of the way he had passed the forenoon. When Willie's bed time arrived, his mother went to the chamber with her little son. Willie disrobed, and knelt beside his little bed, and began to repeat his "Now I lay me down to sleep," but before he had proceeded far, he burst into tears. Of course Willie's mamma knew her little boy was in trouble, so she took him in her arms and pressed his little curly head against her breast, and between his sobs Willie told his mamma how he had passed the forenoon. She was pained to know that her little boy had stayed from school without her consent, but she did not chide him, for she was very glad he had told her of the offense. Soon, Willie again knelt, and repeated his little prayer, and then his dear mamma asked God to give her son strength to resist the temptations with which the road of life is fraught. She then kissed him good-night and went below to join the rest of the family. During Willie's recital of his wrong-doing, "Jingle Jangle" entered and when his mother left the room the good spirit murmured:

"There is no place like mother's breast, On which the little head may rest; For there, true sympathy we find, Though to our faults she is not blind. Even when beset by manhood's cares, For earth has many gilded snares, We lie away to mother's breast, On which our tired head may rest, And she, dear soul, our troubles shares, And takes them all to God in prayer."

By this time Willie was sleeping peacefully, so "Jingle Jangle" left him, for he wished to perform another act of kindness before returning to "Dreamland Glen."

Willie arose, bright and early, the next morning, and, though he was difficult about meeting the rest of the family, when he did so, no one refused to his defection of the previous day. When Willie was ready for school, he kissed his mamma, and said: "Mamma, I am going to tell teacher why I was not at school yesterday forenoon." "That's right, darling," said Mrs. Jones, and again she kissed her boy and he started toward the schoolhouse. Willie met his teacher on her way to school, and he then told her he had played truant the day before. Miss Nellie was very sorry to hear of Willie's offense, but she readily forgave him, as Willie promised he would never do so again. That night, when Willie went to his little bed, his dear mamma accompanied him. Again Willie knelt and repeated his little prayer, and his mamma, kneeling by his side said:

"Father, lead my child aright, To do what's pleasing in Your sight. Make him a follower of Thine own, And bring him safe to Jesus' throne." And "Jingle Jangle," who was near by, murmured:

"Bless our mothers, dear Lord, I pray, For heaven is made by such as they." And then the spirit went back again. To pass the night in "Dreamland Glen." And we, dear friends, will leave him there.

And echo "Jingle Jangle's" prayer. G. G. THURSTON. Reading, Mass.

## Conundrums.

Answers to last week's conundrums: 1. Goldsmith. 2. It follows the C. (sea.) 3. Stone. 4. What does y-e-s, spell? 5. Its capital is always Dublin. (doubling.) Long lines of car were slowly passing in both directions, and crowds were scurrying across Washington street under the courteous conduct of the policeman; suddenly one woman stopped on the track in front of a car and turned gazing intently at another woman just passing her.

"Move on, please. Still she stood. 'Please move on, madam! you are stopping the whole line of cars.' 'I don't care if I am,' she replied. 'I'm again' to see that bun-nit.'"

Your Best Interests. Will be served by making sure of health. It will be a loss of time and money to be stricken with serious illness. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and purify your blood. In this way all germs of disease will be expelled, sickness and suffering will be avoided, and your health will be preserved. Isn't this a wise course?

Hood's pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

To Cure Constipation Forever. The Chamberlain's Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. C. C. G. fail to cure, I'll refund your money.

## A Protector from the Sun....

Sometimes the sunlight on the snow almost blinds us, smoked glasses are found a great convenience. They also protect the eyes from dust or wind.

No one would care to lose his eyesight, therefore we should use all due care to keep it from injury. Eyes examined free.

EDW. KING JEWELER AND OPTICIAN, BETHEL.

## A PERSISTENT AILMENT.

Stomach Trouble in Children and Its Cause. In children the intestinal canal is relatively of greater length than in adults, while its muscular tissue is proportionately less. For this and other reasons an unsuitable diet quickly causes irregularities of the bowels in children.

It is safe to say that whenever children suffer from constipation the food which they receive is ill-suited to their stomachs if not actually harmful to them.

Infants who are brought up artificially, on cows' milk, are peculiarly subject to constipation. The milk is often found to curd in lumpy flakes, which pass through the intestines undigested. In such cases the milk should be given in a more diluted form, with perhaps the addition of a little lime water.

Green and butter are to be recommended on porridge and cornmeal. Oatmeal gruels should form part of the diet of older children, who should also be encouraged to drink as much water as they crave.

When constipation is found to be persistent, the child's diet should be regulated with a view to counteracting it. In cases of three years and older, bread made of unbleached flour, bread and molasses—not stirred, stewed prunes, orange juice, honey and bread, olive oil and olives, cod liver oil, peaches, fresh vegetables, baked apples and gingerbread should be occasionally parts of the bill of fare.

A judicious administration of this class of foods will avoid all necessity for cathartics, and other dangerous remedies, which are often given to a harmful extent with out the family doctor's orders or knowledge.

Abdominal massage is a useful method of evening out the bowels in children. In infants, it should be performed three or four times a day, very gently and with a warm hand. The best time for it is while the infant is feeding, when the abdominal wall is soft and relaxed.

A little dry salt, followed by a glass of water, is often relished by a child, and is beneficial in cases of constipation. A sufficiency of fresh air and regular exercise, when combined with a proper dietary, will rarely fail to avert the threatening evil of chronic constipation.—Youth's Companion.

## OCTOGONARIAN'S HORSE STORY

The Age of the Author Commands Respect for the Tale.

"This is not a fish story," the story teller remarked. "It's a horse story with a schooner attached. I heard it coming in on a train from Connecticut, and the man that told it was at least 80 years old and had no reason for telling anything except the truth at that time of life I suppose it is true. We happened to be seated together, and, after talking about one thing and another, something induced him to ask: 'Did you ever hear of horses almost capsizing a schooner?' Of course I never had heard anything like that, and I replied accordingly.

"When I was a young man," he continued, "a schooner came to the town where I lived for a load of horses that had been picked up for the city. The skipper rigged up a lot of stalls on deck and at high tide the horses were driven on board. It was late in the afternoon before the last one was barred in, and, being about feeding time, the crew opened a bundle of hay and fed the horses, first on one side and then on the other. Then the strangest thing happened. The horses were hungry, and they were not long in sticking their heads into the feed. Those that had been fed first began to eat first, of course.

"In a few minutes the schooner began to roll from side to side, and the crew was about like wild men. They didn't know what to do, and the horses kept on eating. It was this way, you see: Every time the horses on one side of the vessel had their heads down for the hay, the horses on the other side, as it happened, held their heads up while manning, and vice versa. The center of gravity changed every time a horse moved, and as the horses were eating quickly the upward and downward motions affected the vessel so much that we thought she would capsize. Quicker wasn't it? 'What did they do?' I was obliged to ask. 'I don't know,' the old gentleman replied. 'I had to leave them, but I heard they thought of taking away the feed.'"

N. Y. Times.

He Wrote on His Door. An amusing little story is told in connection with a French journalist, who, in his early days as a reporter, had a deep-rooted aversion to the regulation note book of his order, and hit upon a method of taking notes which afforded him great satisfaction. He carried a large, white linen cloth and upon the aid of a tiny pencil, he took down his notes and impressions in all sorts of places, unobserved by those around him. At first the laundress was greatly puzzled by these peculiar observations, but as time went on she learned to decipher many of them, and gathered the news of the week from her patron's cuffs, much to her delight. One night when she took home the washing the journalist happened to be coming out of his room as she entered. "Ah, monsieur," she said, dropping a curse, "your last washing was very interesting, but we had less political news than the week before, in it, not so?"

## MASON.

John Lord of South Albany, has been in town looking for stock.

Roy Grover is sick with the grip and his father takes his place on the team.

Herbert Kendall, wife and children, of Sunday River, visited at Roy Grover's the past week.

Dr. Hill of Bethel, was called last Sunday, to visit Elden Mills who has been very sick some days.

Amos G. Bean and daughter, Nina, of Hunt's Hill, Albany, visited his brother, F. I. Bean, last Saturday.

We saw several ground squirrels out one day last week, which, according to old people, is a sign that winter has broken, but we fear it has come wrong end to, this season.

E. T. Maines, from Otisfield, where he has been stopping for the past few months, is giving his guardian a heap of trouble as he will stroll away these cold days. He is 86 years old and quite feeble.

## NEWRY CORNER.

Miss Daisy Brooks of Grafton, is visiting at Mrs. Bisbee's.

We deeply feel the loss of Maine's great statesman. We feel it a national calamity.

Don't forget that the ladies of the Union Circle will hold their annual sale at the hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 25th. Supper of baked beans, chickens, and pastry served in the vestry.

Grippe, grippie. Among its latest victims are Adelbert Smith, and Joseph Gaudet, who have been obliged to leave their work in the woods, and are now at the home of Mr. Smith. Our trader, Mr. Frank Bisbee has succumbed to its clutch. Mrs. Bisbee, assisted by Mr. Russell presides over the store.

## SNAKE PILOT.

Guides Ahead of the Rattler to Warn It of Danger.

The rattlesnake has a pilot. The purpose of this pilot has never been satisfactorily explained, but it undoubtedly serves to protect him in some way. It is well known, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, that the rattlesnake is a sluggish reptile, slow of movement and short-sighted.

He can strike only to the distance of his own length, and is not of the constrictor species, fighting with his fangs. He is not, therefore, dangerous, and can be easily whipped by a blacksnake, or any of the constrictor family. Even a dog can get the mastery over a rattlesnake without much danger of being injured.

The pilot appears







